

21 Days

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21 Days

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

Summary

"Well everything is technically yours, Georgie," Dream stated. "Everything your eyes can see will someday be yours." Dream stood up dramatically. "This tree! This river! This- this rabbit!" George giggled at his friend's antics. "You are one year closer to the day this kingdom will be at your fingertips."

"And the first rule I will make is that you always have to be at the palace to celebrate my birthday with me," George said.

"Promise?" Dream tilted his head mischievously.

~

"Wake up, wake up, wake up," George chanted.

--

Dream had disappeared for a week, unbeknownst to even his Prince, only to come stumbling home, half-dead and injured, being carried by a stranger exactly 21 days before Prince George's 21st birthday.

Those 21 days leading up to the birthday were eventful, to say the least,
And George hated more than anything that he couldn't talk to his knight about it

Notes

PSA: This is my attempt at some tension and angst.

For the people who's read my other story Try, you'll know what this one is about. and I tried my best to keep it coherent but shit happens when you write your stories backward. I hope I don't mess up too big. Read the end notes for more info and thoughts..

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"You're so stupid, I cannot believe I'm risking my life for you."

Dream heard the words muttered around his ear as his feet dragged through the grass and dirt. He wanted to reply, something funny, something sarcastic just like he always did, but he couldn't seem to get any words out. He hasn't even recognized who owned the voice talking to him. Right, walking next to him.

His head hurts, pounding and clanging. Everything hurts actually. He felt hot and cold and burning- He was burning.

How long had he been awake? He couldn't even remember. Not because he had been awake for so long, but because he could've sworn he was just dreaming about George.

That's right, George. Shooting arrows at the target flawlessly, with a smile brighter than a thousand suns. Hand reaching up to ruffle his dark brown hair as he showed off to Dream yet another bullseye. Dream has always liked that hair, even if most times it lies under a crown.

"Dream, wake up."

George would always wake him up. The prince had the audacity (but also every right to) walk into

the knight's quarters to wake him up for a morning walk to the village market. Dream would groan and teasingly complain, but what the prince wants, the prince gets.

"You can't keep passing out, I know you're tired, but we're almost there."

This voice.

This was not George.

Dream tried to open his eyes, though a sharp pain quickly shot through the left side of his face. He winced at the pain, audibly groaning. His arm was slung over another man's shoulders. He tried to be more conscious, tried grounding himself. He felt a hand supporting his waist, picking him up and dragging him forward. He felt a prickling of pain all across his face, arms, and back. He smells burning and blood. Tasted blood as well.

"If they kill me, I swear to god-" The man beside him mutter.

Dream felt his feet dragging, the ground suddenly changing from the soft wet grass to cold hard cobblestone. He tried to help, tried walking on his own when he realized that he was essentially getting carried by the man next to him. But when he tried to, he was immediately shocked by the searing pain from his right ankle and knee.

They were definitely broken.

Dream heard clanking, people starting to run towards them.

"Don't shoot!" The man next to him yelled out.

"Is that-" One muttered.

"Open the gates!" A further off voice called out.

Dream could hear the turning of gears, giant oak doors creaking slowly, and people in armor rushing in towards him.

Home.

"Oh my god." A knight in full armor ran to his other side, quickly throwing Dream's arm around

his shoulder causing Dream to cry out in pain.

"Stop stop!" The man next to Dream quickly yelled. The knight panicked and stepped away. "He had pretty bad burns on that side of his body. You either let me carry him inside or get him a stretcher."

"Karl, get Phil and a stretcher please." The knight asked before turning back to Dream.

Sapnap. Karl.

"What did you do to him, Techno?" The knight asked accusingly.

Techno? Technoblade?

"I found him in the woods, miles out from here. He was trying to get home." Techno said. "He was hurt before I found him, he would've died if I hadn't fought off the mobs, Sapnap." He added defensively.

"He was like this before you found him?" Sapnap asked.

"I'm surprised he managed to walk away from the mansion at all," Techno replied. "Got pretty far too."

Sapnap eyebrows were at a constant furrowed state, obviously worried for his friend Dream but unable to physically help him right now. Techno slowly dragged Dream past the gates as he continues to talk to Sapnap.

"Oh my god." Another voice gasped as the three crosses the threshold.

Eret and Niki were patrolling the yard when they spotted the three, immediately rushing over. Both of them, quite like Sapnap, instinctively went to Dream's side only to get held back by Sapnap.

"He got injured badly on that side, don't touch him." Sapnap scolded immediately.

"Fundy, Quackity, close the gates," Eret instructed from the ground to Fundy who was at the top of the tower. Once more, Dream could hear the giant oak doors creaking.

"What can we do?" Niki asked.

"Karl's gone to get Phil and a stretcher," Sapnap informed them.

"Has anyone told the king?" Eret asked. "The *Prince*?"

Sapnap shook his head.

"You could also show me to the infirmary instead of standing here." Techno's voice sounded irritated and exhausted.

"What happened?" Phil's voice rang through the courtyard.

Phil was absolutely sprinting, Wilbur, Tommy, and Tubbo hot on his tail with emergency supplies.

The crowd has only gotten bigger and bigger and Techno couldn't help but feel unsettled. Tommy and Tubbo placed the stretcher on the ground, laying layers of cloth to pad it up from the stone.

"Lay him down, gentle, gentle—" Phil instructed and Techno complied, slowly kneeling to bring Dream to the stretcher. Sapnap tried his best, finding any unmarked skin he could to help settle Dream into the ground. But still, Dream winced and cried out in pain.

Everyone had been too focused on Dream, that they nearly missed the Prince running toward their direction.

"Everybody move." Bad was the one who called out, alerting everyone to quickly make a path for prince George.

The knights turned and all but Phil stood in attention at the sight of the King walking behind Bad. This gave enough space for George to see what had happened.

George's face turned sheet white. The young prince was pale, but he looked downright ghostly, almost paler than the knight who'd lost nearly all his blood. He looked like he was just punched in the gut, air forcibly ripped out from his lungs.

Phil was doing preliminary checks on Dream before calling for Wilbur.

"Give him the potion," Phil instructed.

Wilbur was caught in the attention between the King and his dying friend when George finally moved from his shock and yelled.

"Help him!" George instructed as he continued to walk forward and kneel next to his knight.

Dream stirred. Voices have been going in and out of his ear but this one, George's voice brought him back to life.

"Dream, buddy," Wilbur said as knelt next to Phil, opening a bottle of purple potion, eyes darting up and down Dream's body. "This is gonna hurt. This is really going to hurt and I'm sorry-" Wilbur warned before pouring the potion generously over Dream's body, all the way from his face to his legs.

Burning couldn't even begin to describe it.

Dream's body was melting, his body was evaporating. He felt so hot that it started to burn into coldness. He couldn't even feel his consciousness, his thoughts, his voice. He didn't even know if he was making a sound.

He was.

Dream was screaming that every single one of his friends flinched. Even Techno took a step back at the shock of it. Dream was writhing like a silverfish drenched in lava. Might as well, he certainly felt like it.

It was quite a big bottle, and Phil told Wilbur to use all of it. With every drop that hits Dream's skin, he cried, desperate for it to stop.

Until he felt a hand holding his, fingers intertwined. The only source of calm and cold when he felt his soul being scorched out of existence. Fingers soft and delicate, gently caressing his broken skin, squeezing his hand tightly in assurance. Dream knew, and he tried his best not to crush the Prince's hand even if he's in pain.

George's heartstrings were being pulled out one by one by one. It took his entire might not to burst

out crying right there and then. He pulled Dream's hand closer to his body, not caring that the blood would never come off his shirt. His other hand was hovering, unsure of where he could touch, where it wouldn't hurt his knight.

Wilbur finally exhaled a breath after the bottle ran dry, turning to Phil who walked in front of the group of knights to face the King.

"We have to take him inside," Phil informed.

The king gave him a silent nod, and George has never felt more hatred for his father than at that moment.

"Tommy, Tubbo, bring Dream to the infirmary," Bad instructed. "Wilbur, Phil. You can handle this?"

The four men nodded and immediately got to work. Phil and Wilbur went ahead of them as Tommy and Tubbo went to either end of the stretcher, readying themselves before they started to lift Dream off the ground. George rose with the stretcher, hands never leaving Dream's grasp.

"Back to your posts." The king told his knights, looking at all of them but more so Fundy and Quackity, who'd come down from the tower in concern of Dream.

Tubbo and Tommy had brought Dream past the King, George still glued by his side when the King's gaze fell onto the pink-haired stranger. Flashes of recognition exchanged between the King and Technoblade, who warily took yet another step back.

"Kill him." The King said, and without a second warning, Technoblade had already drawn out his sword. The knights of the palace scrambled to get their weapons on hold.

"Wait, no—" George yelled instinctively once he heard his father's words. "Stop!"

Tommy and Tubbo stopped in their tracks, so did everyone in the courtyard. As much as it pains George, as much as he didn't want to, George peeled his hand off from Dream's hold. He quickly took off his cloak, and covered Dream's body, before caressing Dream's face. Dream who completely passed out at some point during Wilbur's potion was breathing steadily enough for George to feel okay leaving him. George nodded to Tommy and Tubbo to take Dream away.

He'll come to see Dream after this is sorted out.

"What are you doing?" The King demanded. "Kill. Him."

"Stop it." George snapped harshly as he walked and faced his father.

Techno was at a standstill against over half a dozen guards, face showing no fear under the boar skull he wore on his head. Sapnap had his sword out, but he too hesitated, clearly not wanting to fight Techno. Both for his reputation and the fact that he'd just saved his best friend's life. Techno had two crossbows aimed at his back from Fundy and Quackity who'd gotten back on the tower. He's confident, he's still confident he could make it out of this somewhat alive. Still, he sighed a soft breath of relief when George stepped in.

"Whoever lays even a scratch on him goes to the dungeon," George told his knights.

The king was fuming, glaring at his son. The guards were utterly confused but somewhat relieved.

Yes, the king had more authority than his son, for the time being at least, but it was no secret that the castle loved the prince, therefore more inclined to listen to the prince's merciful commands. At the least, hesitate.

"He's an anarchist." The king spat at his son. "An assassin."

"He saved Dream." George reasoned.

"He's responsible for the downfall of Valyra and the assassination of Queen Silletra." The king hissed.

"He brought *Clay home*." George's voice strained, mind still running wild at the thought of his knight, but keeping composure enough to handle the situation. "And as long as Clay's alive- *because of him*- he remains a guest at this palace. *My guest at the palace*." The king held his son's gaze, burning with anger. "Understood?" George was the one who broke off, turning to his knights.

"Yes, sir," A collective agreement rang out and George nodded.

"Son-" The king grabbed his son by the shoulder.

"You don't want to fight me father," George replied coldly. "Not today."

George harshly shook his father's hand off his shoulder before walking towards Technoblade who'd sword was still in hand.

"We're not going to hurt you, you're a guest at the palace, you have my protection," George assured him.

"Thanks," Techno murmured before slowly sheathing his sword.

"No. Thank you," George said earnestly. "You're hurt." He pointed out, finally noticing that the blood all over Techno's shirt wasn't only from Dream. "Sapnap, get him to the infir—"

"I think I'm okay," Techno interjected. "I know when I'm not welcomed." He glanced off quickly towards the King's direction. "And to be fair, I still quite fear for my life."

"Just a patch up, then you can go, or maybe just grab some supplies - food, medicine, clothes, weapons, a horse - whatever you need. You don't have to stay the night if you're uncomfortable." George insisted.

Techno looked at the bright-eyed Prince, now cloak-less, white shirt with a splatter of blood red. He wasn't wearing his crown, but he looked regal still. Techno could see the prince, obviously still worried about his knight, mind-numbingly worried, though had enough composure, grace, and generosity to place his attention to Techno, waiting patiently for an answer.

Techno had never met the prince, only the king. But looking at the prince now, other than the obvious physical beauty, he quickly figured out why Dream would even go as far as he did. It was still *unbelievably* stupid. But he understood.

"I'll take some help with the skeleton arrows on my back," Techno confessed.

George nodded with a soft smile before turning to Sapnap who gestured to Techno to follow him. When George turned towards the entrance of the palace, he could see the shadow of his father walking away. Bad stood there, offering George his hand for comfort which George took.

"He'll be alright," Bad said comfortingly. "He's always alright."

"He disappears for a week, then he comes back like this?" George's voice was strained. Bad shooed off the rest to the guard. Karl going off to follow Sapnap, Eret, and Niki back to patrolling, until it was just Bad and George in the courtyard. "Did he tell you anything?"

"Your highness-

"George. I'm George, you're talking to George," He insisted. "Bad, did he tell you anything? What happened?"

"Let's get you cleaned up." Bad smiled sadly, guilt written all over his face as he tried to change the subject.

"No!" George exclaimed. "What do you know? What aren't you telling me?"

Bad sighed. He looked up to the tower, to Fundy and Quackity who most definitely are not trying to listen to the conversation. He glanced to Eret and Niki, who are walking suspiciously slow. Bad could keep a secret, he really could. But maybe not from George.

"Your father had mentioned-" Bad started. "When Princess Aurelia and her father came to visit and you were out in the garden with her, your father had a discussion with King Rupert about the Totem of Undying."

"The Totem of Undying," George repeated.

"Dream heard. And he-" Bad grimaced. "I guess he thought he needed to-"

"To find it? We went to find the totem?" George said.

"He had a discussion with your father, potential location, abandoned mansions, the Evokers-" Bad said.

"And you never told me?" George's hand slipped out of Bad's comfort hold. Bad expected this, knowing he was at fault for this as well.

"It had all been hypothetical, I told him he couldn't go. I *asked him* not to go." Bad said. "By the time he was gone, I didn't see a point to worry you with it."

"You told him he couldn't go," George repeated.

"I knew it would be dangerous." Bad lowered his voice to no louder than a whisper. "Whether or not he defied direct orders, or went above my head and obtained permission-

George stiffened, gaping at the sudden revelation.

"Right." George's eyebrows were still furrowed, eyes darkened in anger. He walked away without another word.

Bad rubbed his temple, the guilt rising to his shoulders as he slumped over. He looked up to the tower once more, seeing Quackity and Fundy quickly return to attention as if they hadn't been eavesdropping. He rolled his eyes before walking back to the palace.

George quickly made his way to the infirmary. The door swung open and he was genuinely happy no-one paid him any attention. No attempts to salute or greet him.

Wilbur was near the back of the room brewing, walking back and forth handing Phil different bottles with different colored liquid. Puffy, carrying a pile of freshly washed cloths, which Karl quickly exchanged with a basket filled with bloody rags to take away. Punz came in with a bucket of boiling water, carrying it over straight to Wilbur.

George quickly noticed Sapnap is now the one helping Phil with the application of balms and bandages instead of what usually would be Tommy and Tubbo's job. He quickly gathered that Sapnap asked for a trade, wanting to be close to his best friend, leaving Tommy and Tubbo to take care of Techno.

It's not a pretty sight.

"Child, I need you to pull out the arrowhead," Techno sighed exasperatedly.

Techno was sitting shirtless on the other side of the room, away from the commotion surrounding

Dream.

"I'm not a child-" Tommy spat though his hand shook uncontrollably as it approached Techno's back.

"There are three arrowheads shrapnels on my back for the past day, get on with it," Techno gritted his teeth.

"I'm going to get Ranboo," Tubbo squeaked as he tried not to gag.

The two young boys were quite new to the palace. George is not surprised that they're not comfortable with pretty gruesome injuries. Maybe that's also another reason they switched places with Sapnap.

Tubbo ran past George, nearly bumping into Bad, who'd finally reached the infirmary.

Even though George heard the commotion with Techno, the bustling of Wilbur and Karl moving things around, and Phil and Sapnap's discussion, his gaze stayed firm on Dream.

Dream's hand hung over the bed, lifeless and pale, and George wanted more than anything to hold it close to his face.

He felt Bad's hand, softly patting his shoulder before walking in to retrieve George's cloak that was thrown over a chair. He saw Bad mutter something to Phil who finally took notice of the prince standing at the door.

"Your highnes-" Phil began.

"Please, don't mind me, focus on him," George pleaded. "I don't want to get in your way. Just-" he breath faltered. "-make sure he's okay and come get me once you're finished."

"He might not wake up tonight," Phil said. "Or tomorrow."

George nodded solemnly.

"Come get me anyway," George offered Phil a weak smile before letting himself be led out of the infirmary by Bad.

George passed Tubbo and Ranboo speedwalking towards the infirmary, but honestly, he didn't care. His head was heavy and fuzzy the only singular thought that crossed his mind was Dream.

Dream Dream, Dream. Dream.

Clay.

"Bad, I feel sick," George managed to mutter out before shoving his door open, running into his bathroom, falling over the toilet bowl, and throwing up the breakfast he had eaten not a few hours ago.

Bad dropped the cloak and went to get a glass of water along with a clean towel. Bad placed the water on the floor, hand gently rubbing George's back just in case he felt sicker still. He knelt next to the prince who was softly stifling his sobs.

So Bad stayed with the broken-hearted prince.

1

George ran.

His knight Antfrost had knocked on his door, telling the prince that Philza has finally finished and there was nothing more he could do for Dream tonight.

George ran immediately. Antfrost was left standing in front of his door a little speechless but he politely closed the Prince's bedroom door for him.

George stumbled into the infirmary, the plainest of clothes on his body. The sun had just set, and he had been tortured the entire day.

Philza was still cleaning up, Sapnap sitting on Dream's bedside trying to catch his breath. It surprised George a little bit that Techno was still here, and he was talking quite politely with Wilbur.

"Your highness." Sapnap was startled out of his seat. He stood up, gesturing for George to come to take his seat.

George would usually refuse, he didn't like being treated like a dainty royal, especially not by his friends. But he wasn't thinking, so he immediately took Sapnap's seat, pulling the chair even closer to Dream's bed.

"How is he?" George croaked, his voice so hoarse that it shocked not only him but everyone around him.

"Alive," Philza huffed. "He'll be alright, things are healing and they'll continue to heal—" George could hear the restraint on his voice.

"But what?" George insisted.

"He's going to come out of this with a scar- scars," Sapnap informed him. George felt Sapnap stand right behind his chair, hand on his shoulder.

"There's not much we can do about it," Wilbur joined the conversation. "I'm sorry."

"No, no—" George muttered. "He's alive. That's all that matters, he's alive."

George took Dream's limp hand, fingers intertwining again, before sighing, allowing himself the first sincere smile of the day.

He's alive.

"Alright, leave them, leave them," Phil said in a hushed tone, gently nudging Techno and Wilbur out of the infirmary. Sapnap was going to follow them when George called.

"Sapnap, you can stay," George said. "You should stay."

Sapnap shook his head with a soft smile on his face.

"It's quite alright your highness. I'll send someone for your dinner, and I'll be right outside through the night." Sapnap told him, bowing his head ever so slightly.

George nodded as the last footsteps left the infirmary, the door shut close.

George was left alone, staring at Dream, trying to memorize the details of his face underneath the bandages. Trying to remember what he had looked like before he disappeared a week ago. Trying to imagine what he may look like with his new set of injuries.

Beautiful. He would still be beautiful.

"Idiot," George scoffed, tightening the grip around his hand.

3

"Is he still in there?" Tommy asked as he and Tubbo approached Niki and Fundy for a shift change.

"He doesn't leave unless he needs to go to the bathroom," Niki said sympathetically. "I wish he'd take the empty bed though, sleeping on a chair for 3 days straight is really rough."

"I guess that's what happens when your boyfriend gets hurt," Tubbo mumbled. Fundy and Niki chuckled.

"What's funny?" Tubbo asked.

"Don't say it too loud, he'll hear you," Fundy told Tubbo.

"What, he doesn't know his own boyfriend?" Tommy asked.

The two older guards stared blankly at the newer recruits.

"They're not together," Niki said.

"What?" Tubbo exclaimed only to get Fundy's hand slammed against his mouth.

"Shut up, he'll hear you," Fundy hissed.

"How are they not? It's so obvious!" Tommy said and Fundy went to tackle him.

"Don't mention it," Niki instructed. "Not to either of them, not to anyone, especially not to the king."

"Understood?" Fundy asked, currently holding Tommy in a chokehold.

The two boys nodded and Fundy finally let go. Tommy and Tubbo shared a glance, as Niki and Fundy disappeared over the corner of the hallway. They gaped at each other, the same thought crossing through their minds.

This palace is weird.

7

George was sitting on the bed. After nearly a week of fighting with both Bad and Phil, George finally conceded. If it doesn't get more obvious than this-

Phil had pushed the empty bed closer to Dream's so that George wouldn't have to spend time on the chair. Maybe some other visitor like Sapnap could finally sit on the chair.

And George had basically moved in, having multiple of his clothes and books stored in the infirmary so he doesn't need to continuously make the trip back and forth.

No one at the castle thought this to be weird at all. Absolutely no one.

So George was finishing his daily reading in the dark, a small light from the bedside table illuminating the words written across the pages. He was focusing on the French text as he listened to Dream slowly inhale and exhale.

He's alive, that's all that matters.

George was getting to that last page when he heard shuffling outside followed by footsteps, a pair of them, leaving to be exact.

George quickly placed his book down and confronted the door, swinging it open to find his father. No guards to be seen.

His father was a little shocked, to be honest. The king took a step back, nearly stumbling towards a painting when his son opened the door before he could even turn the knob.

"You sent the guards away?" George said accusingly.

"They looked tired," his father reasoned.

"You replace guards, not dismiss them," George insisted.

"Who's gonna hurt him?" His father scoffed mockingly.

"I never *said* anything about hurting him," George's eyes darkened. "Bad tell you I was sleeping in my room tonight?" George shot out immediately.

His father looked offended, if not only because his son had caught him.

"Yeah that's what I told him too," George continued, not giving his father a second to answer or explain.

"I can't visit the injured knight?" The king asked.

"No," George said adamantly. "You're not allowed to visit Clay."

Without another word, George slammed the door on his father's face. He paced the floor, listening closely to his father's footsteps walk away. He tried to calm his breathing, and fortunately, he was able to do just that when he heard his guards walking back to their posts.

George didn't sleep all night. At the first sign of dawn, he peaked out and told Skeppy (who was on his way out from his shift) to go find Bad and told him to come to see George.

Bad came to the infirmary around ten minutes later.

"I want to move him," George told Bad.

"Move him?" Bad asked, and George nodded.

"I don't care what you do," George said. "Put a bed in my study, put him in my room, on my bed for all I care, I want him away from—" he gulped. "From everything." *From my father.*

Bad took a step closer towards George, who had wrapped his arms around himself, his hand gripping his own arm so hard his knuckles are turning white.

"There are a few empty rooms in the South Wing," Bad informed him. "There's a room big enough for the beds and medical equipment. I can have Philza temporarily relocate along with Dream so he's closer."

George nodded, feeling his eyes starting to get heavier. Bad noticed, but for once, decided against confronting the young prince about it.

"He came here last night," George muttered an explanation, even though Bad didn't ask for it. "To see—" George couldn't finish his sentence. Bad nodded.

"I'll have Sapnap, Wilbur, and a few others to relocate as well so that they can not only stand guard but also sleep in close proximity." Bad offered. "They're all pretty light sleepers, no one will get past."

"Thank you," George smiled before going back to sit on the chair.

After what happened last night, the bed seemed too far. So he sat on the chair, one hand holding Dream's as always, and laid his head down and drifted away.

it really bad?"

"I'm starting to think it's a curse or some kind of enchantment to be honest with you," Philza confessed.

"George still in there?" Eret asked as he swallowed a bite of his sandwich.

"Are you surprised?" Phil replied.

"Maybe have him do the *true loves kiss* thing, it might work," Quackity suggested with a smirk.

"I'd like to keep my job, thank you," Phil chuckled along.

"It might," Ranboo muttered quietly.

"Ranboo-" Philza joked warningly.

"I've heard about it," Ranboo said. "Back when I was stationed closer to the Netherworld,"

"Yeah but that's special cases," Wilbur said. "Miracles. In the heat of war, under the full moon, things like that. And they're just stories. They're all just stories."

"Well this is a tragic story," Quackity said. "The prince nearly bit my head off for leaving my post the other night. I mean what was I supposed to do? The king told me to."

"Skeppy told me about that," Karl grimaced sympathetically. "I mean, I know I'm new, but the transition of power in the palace isn't supposed to be this *tense*, should it?"

"You wanna know their history? Go ask Sapnap. He's been here since forever," Awesamduke said, lounging against the kitchen counter. "Callahan too, but we know you won't get anything from him."

"There's history?" Karl asked. At this, a few other of the knights perked up. Dinner time gossip is basically a tradition.

"The king, the prince, and Dream have history. Tense couldn't begin to explain it," Eret scoffed.
"The next few weeks are going to be interesting, to say the least."

"What happens in the next few weeks?" Ranboo asked.

"In ten days, George turns 21," Philza replied. "Legally, that means—" he left the statement to hang in the air, though all the knights seemed to have caught the drift.

"Let's just say—" Sam continued with caution. "The king is your ruler now, but the prince will be your ruler eventually."

"A coup? A coup?" Tommy asked and Wilbur sighed so loud he slid down his chair.

"Jesus Tommy, shut up," Wilbur hissed.

"No." Bad's voice startled everyone, Quackity nearly falling over after balancing his chair on its two back legs. "He has every right for the throne and transition. Whether he decides to delay it, whether the king decided to contest it- I guess we'll see what happens in the next 10 days."

"You think something's gonna happen?" Tubbo asked. Bad looked at Phil before leaving without another word.

"Sometimes the people you care about most make for a horrible pawn when used against you," Phil was the one who answered. "Off you go now, it's almost time for a shift change, who's turn is it?"

"Mine and Wilbur," Ranboo said before leaving.

As the kitchen filtered out, Eret and Sam were left sitting near Phil who just got his dinner out.

"Did you hear anything from the King?" Sam asked Eret and Eret shook his head. "He trusts you. More than his own son I should think."

"Might not be the most peaceful of transitions," Eret answered. "I don't think it'll happen, but if it does- from what we know, we outnumber *them*."

"The prince will be fine," Phil said. "We'll make sure he's fine, but we need to stop talking about this. He doesn't need to know, not on top of Dream." The two knights nodded before leaving Phil alone to ponder in his thoughts.

15

"Your highness." Ponk knocked softly on the door.

George was waiting patiently for Sapnap to make his next move. They were 15 minutes into the chess game and George was feeling quite merciful. Wilbur was lounging On George's bed, the one he's not using currently, strumming softly on his guitar.

Sapnap and Wilbur have been keeping him company, with the occasional Eret and Phil, and surprisingly Tommy thrown in the mix, to keep him entertained as the days started to stretch into 2 weeks.

"Come in, Ponk," George recognized his knight's voice immediately. "What is it you need?"

"The king requests your presence," Ponk said.

"No," George answered shortly.

"No?" Ponk stuttered out.

"No," George repeated.

"He says it's urgent. About your trip today to see princess Aurelia," Ponk explained.

George scoffed a peal of laughter, cold and bitter though it barely phased Sapnap and Wilbur at all. Sapnap decided on his move, only to have George move within seconds, making it his turn once again.

"No," George simply said, looking up at his chessboard to look at Ponk.

"But sir—" Ponk tried.

"Listen—" George's voice was kind towards Ponk though his words were venomous still. George stood up from his seat and went to the other side of the room. He tore a piece of paper and scribbled something on it. "Just give this to my father." He handed the small letter card to Ponk before sitting back down to watch Sapnap contemplate. "Thank you."

Ponk walked out into the hallway, shutting the door behind him before staring down at the note he had.

No.

- Georgie

The signature of the nickname somehow made the note a lot more terrifying than it should really be. Or perhaps that was the dread coming for Ponk at the thought that he would actually have to hand-deliver this to the king.

Ponk decided to shake it off. *What's the worse that could happen?*

"That's a bit brutal," Wilbur commented.

"The game or the note?" Sapnap replied.

"Both," Wilbur said and George chuckled.

"You couldn't even see what I'd written on the note," George said.

"I could sense it," Wilbur said convincingly. "You're a little bit brutal."

"Watch it now," George warned jokingly as Wilbur continued to play on the guitar.

Minutes later, the door slammed open with no warning. The king was standing in the doorway. Sapnap and Wilbur panicked and quickly stood up in attention from their relaxed position.

George was familiar with his father's angry face, very familiar in fact. He knew what would happen. He at least guessed it. So he turned, still sitting down in front of the chessboard, and smiled.

"You two, out!" The King barked. George could see Ponk outside, panting as if he'd been chasing the king down to stop him. "Out or I will have you hung for treason."

"No, no, stay," George said calmly, stopping Wilbur and Sapnap who'd already been on their way out. "In fact, Ponk, why don't you join our friends in here- I'll leave."

George calmly stood up and walked out of the door, he walked a little further down the hallway and waited. He watched as his dad exited the room, the room when Dream is still lying unconscious and walked closer towards him. Ponk was frozen in the hallway, but George saw Sapnap's arm stick out, pulling Ponk until he stumbled into the room, before swinging the door shut.

"I am over your disobedience, your disrespect-" The king immediately started scolding. "We were supposed to meet King Rupert in an hour, how dare you tell me *no*. **No?**" He exclaimed.

"You think I'm going to take a four-hour return trip, in a carriage with *you*, to go see Princess Aurelia and leave Dream?" George asked sarcastically.

"It's been two weeks, he hasn't woken up!" The King yelled. "It's time to move on. Princess Aurelia is going to be your future wife."

"I don't know where you're getting *that* idea," George laughed. "I *never* agreed to that."

"It's for the good of the kingdom," The king insisted.

"With a father like King Rupert that tells stories about the Totem of Undying?" George said bitterly. George noticed a flash of fear in his father's eyes.

"Fine, you want a boy?" The king changed the subject immediately. "Prince Kaleb just turned 22 last month, why don't we go see him?"

"What aren't you getting?" George said angrily. "I'm done. No suitors, no nothing. You can't tell me what to do. I don't live by your rules. Not anymore."

"You are my son, and you will listen-

"I *will* be walking away," George pressed. "And if you know what's best for you, you will too."

"I am *not* going to have my son waste his life on a **dead village boy**," The king exclaimed.

"And who's fault is that?" George yelled back. "Who sent him there?" His fists were clenched, teeth-gritting as he tried to hold back. "After *everything*, he did for me, for you-" he panted. "You *sent* him to his death."

"He left on his own accord, I didn't even ask-"

"I don't need proof of whether you did or didn't tell him to go," George interjected. "It's your fault he went. You're always trying to get rid of him, always trying to replace him- of course, he was gonna go!" He screamed. "To prove himself, to prove to you that he *can* take care of me, that he *can* keep me safe. So that maybe you won't hate him- so that he won't have to sleep at night with one eye open waiting for the day my father decides to send someone for his life."

The king shook his head but no words came out of his mouth.

"Is that what you did?" George accused, gaze burning into his father's soul. "You sent someone for his life knowing he was going to journey alone?" George wanted to stop, but he couldn't. "Certainly sounds like something you would do. Rig the mansion with more TNT? Send people to place spawners on his way home?"

"I never-"

"Six days," George said. "I will fight you if I have to, but mark my words, you are never touching him again. Over *my dead body*."

At this point, Sapnap, Wilbur, and Ponk were quite surprised to be honest that Dream didn't even stir from the shouting that's happening. Were they pressed against the door, trying to listen to the conversation? Yeah.

Was the rest of the palace staff innocently waiting under the staircase, around the corner, or silently in a nearby room and just happens to overhear the conversation? Absolutely.

"Kill your only heir father," George challenged. "See how that works out."

And with that George left his father standing alone in the hallway. When he walked into the room, he could see the three knights scramble to look natural. That little bit almost made him want to smile.

"Ponk, you may want to wait until my father's gone before you leave," George said kindly. "You can help Sapnap pick a better move because if he doesn't take his bishop back, it's checkmate in two."

"Damn," Sapnap muttered.

19

"Techno?" George called out.

"Prince George-" Techno was taken aback. "What are you-"

"-doing in my own palace?" George continued sarcastically.

"Roaming the halls at 4 AM," Techno said and George just blinked at him.

"I still think I should be asking you the questions, but—" George conceded. "I'm a little famished, I'd rather the guards stay with Dream than send them off to the kitchens to get me food. Besides, I don't know how well Puffy and Punz cooks."

"Right," Techno chuckled nervously.

"Your turn," George said curtly. "Why are you roaming my palace halls at 4 AM? I should think my guest would let me know if he were to visit." Techno's eyes darted around trying to find an escape. "Who let you in?"

"Wilbur and Philza," Techno finally explained. "I'm here to return the horse."

"Return- the horse?" George said quizzically. "You didn't have to return the horse, it was a gift."

"I don't like being in debt," Techno said.

"Dream's life is worth a little more than the horse," George managed a little chuckle. "You're not in debt, Techno."

"Right," Techno chuckled.

Silence dawned in the hallway. The uncomfortable kind.

"Do you know what happened to him?" George finally pulled the guts to ask. "How he- got the burns and everything? And-and what do you know about the Totem of Undying?"

Techno paused for a bit, listening to the prince bombard him with questions. Pure and genuine, only out of curiosity, out of concern. He made a split-second decision to trust the prince. As much as he hates any form of regime, the prince doesn't seem so bad.

"Totems are quite rare that most people think they're a myth. But far as I know, Evokers are the

only people that own Totems, whether it's spells and rituals they've practiced and tried to craft a single totem, or it's been passed down amongst them." Techno started. "Theoretically, you could also find people who've stolen Totems from the Evokers, and steal them second hand."

George quietly nodded.

"Evokers live at the woodland mansions, clouded and hidden by spells, there's one about a two days trip out southeast from your palace," Techno sighed. "My guess is that Dream found them, and they retaliated, pretty ruthlessly I guess. Perhaps because they'd already *lost* a Totem not that long ago and were not keen to lose another."

"H-how'd you know?" George asked. "That they've lost one?"

"The next closest and known woodland mansion is about—" Techno calculated in his head. "A three weeks trip on a horse?" George stared blankly at him. "Mansions are nearly impossible to find with the wards that they have around them, and the two that the people know is that one or that far-off one. And I think I heard from his stable boy, that your friend King Rupert was quite- *boastful*, about obtaining one."

"King Rupert has one?" George asked, almost breathless. He wasn't really expecting an answer, it was more of a statement of disbelief. But Techno nodded anyway.

"He's been trying to avoid me," Techno said proudly. "He's yet to pay for what he did to the people of Phabet."

The massacre.

George slowly nodded.

"I should get going," Techno said awkwardly. "Give my goodbyes to Dream."

"Wait—" George called. "He hasn't woken up." He wasn't informing Techno, not quite, it was more like a desperate cry for help.

"Cursed arrow?" Techno suggested before disappearing into the night.

21

--

"Hey, Georgie!" Dream exclaimed, peeking out from a tree, startling the young Prince who was reading by the river.

"I nearly dropped my book," George whined.

"Have you eaten breakfast?" Dream asked.

"No, cook's not awake yet," George said, looking at the dawn of sunrise.

"Well thankfully, the baker is!" Dream said excitedly. He plopped on the ground, sitting next to George, holding out a little cake in the palm of his hand. "Happy birthday!"

"You got me a cake?" George asked. "You didn't have to spend money on me, the kitchen will bake me a cake for the party tonight anyway."

"I wanted to be the first," Dream said cheerfully. "And I mean, I have to get you something,"

"Thank you, Dream," George said. "Here, share with me. I don't think my carers would like me to have that much sugar so early in the morning." He split the little cake in two, handing the perfectly halved portion to Dream.

"Why thank you, my prince," Dream said mocking, catching George's eye roll. "I don't have a candle with me, but you should still make a wish."

"Well I wish you could be at my party tonight," George said sassily.

"You weren't supposed to say it out loud," Dream scolded. "I guess now it'll never happen." He added sarcastically.

There was an unspoken little tinge of pain with that statement, as the boys knew the king would never allow something like that to happen anyway, no matter how much his son wished for it. The two boys sat in silence, listening to the river run as they bit into the little birthday cake.

"Is this from the bakery near the square?" George asked his third bite in.

"No, actually. From the corner next to the tailor," Dream informed him. "Honey pecan, your favorite."

"Hang on-" George squinted his eyes at Dream. "You went to the market without me. You promised you wouldn't do that." George gasped feeling a little betrayed.

"Oh listen, your highness," Dream laughed. "You do not want to go down to the market today. People are celebrating your birthday in the streets. Keeping you hidden is hard enough, if they spot you, you will be mauled by the townsfolk, you will not get out alive."

"Well that's why I have you," George said in a matter-of-factly fashion. "I guess you'll have to protect me."

"I'll have to?" Dream asked sarcastically. "Are you going to steal me a sword from the armory? Oh, oh, or a crossbow. I like crossbows."

"I wouldn't have to steal it," George muttered. "It's technically mine."

"Well everything is technically yours, Georgie," Dream stated. "Everything your eyes can see will someday be yours." Dream stood up dramatically. "This tree! This river! This- this rabbit!" George giggled at his friend's antics. "You are one year closer to the day this kingdom will be at your fingertips."

"And the first rule I will make is that you always have to be at the palace to celebrate my birthday with me," George said.

"Promise?" Dream tilted his head mischievously.

--

"Promise," George mumbled softly.

Eight years ago and he still remembers it like yesterday.

"You promised, Dream," George mumbled softly. "You were gonna celebrate with me."

In the past 21 days, George had gotten unbearably familiar with Dream's hand. The lines of his palms, the ups, and downs of his knuckles, the shape of his fingers. As much as George wanted Dream to wake up, a small part of him dreaded the moment he has to stop holding Dream's hand.

"Wake up, wake up, wake up," George chanted.

"Kiss him," A voice behind him startled him so bad he nearly threw Dream's hand away. George turned and looked at Ranboo.

"What?" George asked.

"Sorry, I-i-" Ranboo quickly shook his head. "Bad wants to see you, in the throne room. There are things happening, I heard and um-"

"No. Say what you just said again," George pressed, watching Ranboo visibly gulp.

"Most stories that I've heard, when I was stationed closer to the netherworld-" Ranboo slowly explained. "-is that most curses are broken by a kiss. True love's kiss."

George gaped, mouth slightly open. He wasn't even mad, he couldn't be mad, he didn't even-
What?

"I'm out of line, forgive me," Ranboo said. "I'll leave the palace as soon as possible, forgive me, your highness," he managed to stutter out.

"No, no no, no," George muttered softly. "Just, tell Bad I'll be there in a minute."

Ranboo nodded and left the prince alone with Dream, for the hundredth time in the past three weeks.

Techno mentioned a cursed arrow. Maybe he was cursed.

No, but that can't possibly be, Dream was awake the whole time Techno was bringing him home. He was awake through the whole potion thing. It couldn't've been a curse, he went to sleep when he was at the palace.

But is it worth the risk? Is it worth the risk of simply not trying, risking Dream to be asleep for the rest of his-

He doesn't even know if Dream *is* his true love's kiss- if he would be Dream's. What does that even entail?

Did he truly love Dream? Yes of course he did. His best friend, his knight, his guard, his Dream.

His Clay.

He truly loves Dream, so-

True

Love's

Kiss.

George decided it was best not to think at all. He leaned down and pressed a soft kiss on Dream's lips before standing back up.

Nothing dramatic, nothing romantic. No slow movements, no tears, no lingering gazes, or soft touches, he just wanted his friend back.

And then he waited. One, two, three,

Four,

Five-

Disappointment sat heavily on his chest like an anvil. He gave Dream's hand one last squeeze before leaving the room.

HBomb and Callahan were the ones guarding the door. He'd almost forgotten that there were

people outside. He wondered if they heard his conversation with Ranboo at all.

He couldn't be bothered. He's done thinking about all of this. He's done thinking at all actually. He's tired, so, so-

"George, watch it!" Sapnap hissed.

George suddenly felt the guard tackle him from the side, preventing him from walking into the throne room.

"Sapnap, wh-" George didn't even process the fact that his knight had called him by his first name. It wasn't the first time, but it is a rare occasion. He looked to see Tommy and Fundy slowly inspecting the floor of the throne room.

"We think there are pressure plates that will detonate if you walk in," Sapnap explained.

"Ranboo said-"

"Yes. I know what Ranboo said, I told Ranboo what to say," Sapnap said. "I couldn't alarm you, not at the risk of the entire palace and surrounding area going into a panic."

George looked around. Tommy and Fundy were still scaling the floor tiles. He glanced into the throne room to see his father, sitting silently on his throne.

There were guards, dozens of them, knights he recognized from his own staff, and a lot more he didn't recognize at all. Bad was standing by the king, stiff as a board as Eret aimed a crossbow towards his head.

"What?" George gasped softly.

"You said you'd fight me," The king said. "You said over my dead body,"

"I would've let you wait it out," George said. "If you hadn't done what you did to Dream, I would let you stay for a few more years."

"You ungrateful brat," the King spat out. "I raised you-"

"The only thing you did for me is driving my mother away," George spat. "You wanna try that again?"

"One of us will not leave this room alive," the king said. "I'll choose another heir if I have to."

The king turned to Eret, still holding Bad at arrow point. George looked towards Eret.

No, Eret no-

"Pick your sword, I'll duel you right now," George said confidently.

"Oh, you're going to make your old man fight? I think not," The king said. "Eret," he called.

Eret placed his crossbow down, though the position of keeping Bad hostage was quickly taken by another knight. Eret unsheathed his sword and carefully chose his steps to the center of the room.

"Get me my sword," George said.

Eret is a fantastic swordsman, George was not. He'd always preferred long-distance weapons instead of close combat. Sapnap knew this and knew what he had to do.

"No," Sapnap said adamantly to the King. "If Eret gets to fight for you, then I'm fighting for Prince George."

"Sapnap no-" George said but Sapnap had started walking into the room. Fundy and Tommy staring intently at the tiles he is walking on, holding their breath throughout. "No, this is my fight. Get back here."

Sapnap and Eret met in the center of the room. George tried to walk into the throne room but he was immediately stopped by Tubbo.

"It's fine, it's fine, they're almost here-" Tubbo whispered. "He's stalling, he's stalling."

And that's when the first sword hits. George tried to watch the fight, he did, but he was more confused about what Tubbo had said.

"Wait for the sign, wait for the sign-" Tubbo said softly next to George.

A single arrow shot through the window facing the west. The shatter of the glass was almost covered by the sword clashing, but some of the king's knights still noticed.

"Eret!" Tommy yelled.

"D17, J32, F4, L16, C30, M7, G42." Eret listed out, his fight with Sapnap abruptly stopping.

George stood in shock as his knight ran past him, both from left and right, carrying heavy mallets. It looked for a second that they were completely lost and uncoordinated, but they knew what they were doing.

Fundy, Tommy, Niki, Tubbo, Ranboo, Quackity, and Karl were now stood at the tiles- the grid-points that Eret had called out.

The king hadn't begun to process that Eret himself had betrayed him.

"Kill them. Kill them all!" The king shouted.

George's knights started striking the surrounding tiles until they broke the surface and saw the TNT.

More of George's knights ran into the room. Swords were drawn, armors up. Skeppy ran to give Bad a weapon, Ant, Puffy, and Ponk began shooting the enemies, giving their friends time to draw their knives and cut all source of detonation from the explosives, unrigging the pressure plates. That's one less problem to deal with.

Sam and Punz joined Sapnap and Eret, at the center of the room where the enemies flocked to attack them. There were a lot of armored men that George had never even seen.

And then two men bursts in through the window. Wilbur was double wielding his swords, while Technoblade-

Technoblade and his pink hair alone were enough to bring make the enemies pause and recalculate

their chances of survival.

All hell broke loose.

George felt the hilt of a sword pressed against his palm as Phil handed him a sword. Phil blocked an ax strike with a shield before running to Fundy's aid. George's fight or flight reflexes kicked in and he started swinging.

Every single one of his dad's men was after him, and yes, it would be easier if he just ran, but he is not a coward. He is not his father.

His knights tried their best, fighting off the enemy before they reached him but every once in a while, he'd still find a sword lunging at him. He was so occupied that he didn't realize his father had picked up Eret's crossbow.

One-shot.

George felt his torso gripped and spun so quick he thought he might've gotten whiplash. A pair of arms had pulled him out of an arrow's path that was aimed straight at his head.

"Hey Georgie," Dream panted. "Trade ya."

Dream stole the sword right from George's grip and shoved a metal armor against his chest. Two strikes from Dream and another enemy is down. Dream And brought with him HBomb and Callahan.

But that didn't even matter to George.

"Dream?"

Dream had immediately backed George into a corner, strategic move if you're trying to keep someone safe. George was left breathless, Dream is so close. Standing right in front of him, fighting against armored knight like he hadn't just spent the past three weeks unconscious in bed.

George heard Dream count, muttering under his breath.

"Seven," Dream exclaimed, striking another down. "Eight."

"I'm at 19 Dream, you're slackin'!" George heard Techno yell, and he heard Dream laugh.

Oh, how he'd missed that laugh.

"I got a late start, give me a break," Dream called back. "Niki, cover me."

Niki dodged and ran towards them, fighting off the person Dream was previously fighting. This gave Dream enough time to stop and turn to see George, still wide-eyed and bewildered.

"You good to stay alive for me?" Dream asked. "I'm going after your dad."

George nodded wordlessly as he saw Dream broke into a smile. He felt Dream reach out and squeeze George's hand before running off towards the center of the room.

"Tommy, cover Niki!" Dream yelled as he entered the battlefield.

It was a straight path toward the throne. They tried. They tried to stop Dream, but the enemies were split in half trying to go after George and Dream, and every single one that came after Dream was either quickly immobilized by Wilbur, or worse yet, Technoblade.

It is seconds until Dream had the King in front of him, the blade of his sword hovering too close to his neck.

"Drop the bow," Dream growled. "And call your men off or your entire head comes off."

The king contemplated about his chances to survive, he really did. But looking across the throne room right now, he could see that his numbers were dwindling. He wasn't going to win.

He begrudgingly complied and dropped the crossbow on the ground.

"Stop!" The king called over the fight. "Stop."

His men stood, slowly halting to a stop before immediately apprehended by George's knight, all

ready with restraints.

"Bad." Dream called.

Bad made his way to the front of the throne room.

"As per the King's decree number fourteenth, when the clock strikes midnight the day the chosen heir turns 21, they have every right and legal claim towards the throne. Unless a peaceful agreement is to be reached, any attempts to hinder the transition, or any attempt for the rightful King's life, will be considered an act of treason, and is punishable by death." Bad recited.

"Do it," The king snarled at Dream. "You have me. Do it."

Dream wanted to. But instead, he glanced over the George, still trying to catch his breath.

"Don't," George said. "I don't want his blood on your hands."

"Fuck, I'll do it," Techno volunteered.

"No," George snapped immediately. "I'm going to prove him wrong. We're both going to walk out of this room alive. He doesn't get to go that easy. Take him to the dungeons."

Callahan and Punz were the ones closest to the king, they came and restrained him before walking him out of the throne room, along with whoever remains of the king's army.

As the dust settled on the aftermath, Dream looked at George, standing pretty near the doorway.

"Let's hear it for King George!" Dream's voice called out and everyone followed it with a cheer and applause.

George was taken by surprise, cheeks tinted pink as he turned to his new subjects. He smiled, looking at the faces of his rejoicing knights. His friends. Until he saw Dream drop his sword and stumble to the side, hand gripping the throne.

"Hey, hey, what's wrong?" George exclaimed almost immediately, running to the front of the room.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," Dream groaned trying to suppress the pain. "The adrenaline's just wearing off and to be honest with you, I can't feel my legs." He tried to chuckle.

"You broke your leg, idiot," Phil said as he quickly ran to Dream's side to support him. Sapnap quickly took his other side so Dream didn't have to support his own weight.

"Take him back to bed," George instructed. "I'll wrap things up here and come see you after." He looked at Dream who made a face halfway between an eye roll and a nod.

And with that, Dream, Phil, and Sapnap left.

"What just happened?" George turned to Bad.

"Well, my King-" Bad said with a smile. "I believe a coronation is in order."

"No, I mean the fight, my father's knights, who even are they, I've never seen them-" George inquired.

"Oh they're King Rupert's men," Techno said. "I recognize the stupid emblem on their helmets."

"And you, what are you doing here?" George stared quizzically at Techno.

"Oh I invited him," Wilbur said. "Well Dream did, but I brought him back."

"Nothing makes my day like taking down a tyrant," Techno reasoned.

"And you all knew this was going to happen? Prepared for this?" George asked.

"Dream did," Quackity said. "He'd made plans, he just followed it."

"He knew my father was going to do this?"

"He had suspicions," Sam elaborated. "Made contingency plans."

"Weapons inventory, the room grid system," Eret explained. "Planting a spy within your father's ranks." He gently waved his hand.

"Right," George said. "Okay uhm-" He looked around. "Bad what do I do next?"

"I think you've had enough for today," Bad said. "Sort things out starting tomorrow if that's alright with you."

"Oh yeah, yeah obviously," George said. "Everybody can go, leave- leave the throne room like this, I don't really care. Go take a rest."

The knights saluted towards their king.

"Dream is not to know what I did in the past 21 days, understood?" George said.

"Yes sir," A unison of cries ran through the room.

"You're dismissed," George said.

As the rest of the knights, and Bad, start to filter out of the room, George's eyes fell on the tall and young knight.

"Ranboo-" George called.

"Yes your majesty," Ranboo reported to George.

"We never had that conversation, understood?" George clarified yet again.

"What conversation?" Ranboo asked innocently with a smile and George smiled back.

"You're dismissed," George told him, and with that, Ranboo left.

George's first thought is to leave to Dream's room. His body was sore, he'd gotten some cuts that he probably needed to take care of, but he just wanted to see Dream.

But Dream's awake now, so he doesn't need to rush.

George went on to clean himself, a quick shower and a change of clothes before he went to the kitchens, then proceed to go to Dream's room with a small box in hand.

He knocked and waited for an answer.

"Come in," Dream's voice brought an immediate smile onto his face.

He pushed the door open and walked in.

"Your highness," Dream exclaimed, struggling to prop himself up so he could stand and George rolled his eyes.

"Sit back down," George said exasperatedly. "I don't know why you still insist on standing up every time I walk into a room."

"This time's different, you're a king now," Dream said.

George walked closer and placed the small box on the nightstand. Dream scooted over, leaving enough space on the side of the bed for George to sit on.

"I ought to be mad at you for leaving without my permission-" George started and Dream sighed.
"But I think you've suffered enough and learned your lesson."

"And I have the scars to remember it," Dream joked solemnly, turning away from George. "I guess your blessing is important to me."

"I guess so," George replied. "Don't look away from me Dream, I've seen your face before you did." George heard Dream sigh before slowly turning to look George in the face.

Yeah, he definitely missed those green eyes. Still beautiful. Still Clay.

"You didn't have to do that for me Dream. Get some shitty Totem because my father doesn't think you're good enough-

"It wasn't about your father," Dream confessed. "You turning 21 means you're a target now. From your father, from other kingdoms and royals-

"And I would rather have my guard than a Totem," George said earnestly. "I would rather have you."

It grew quiet. The comfortable silence this time. George's eyes glanced towards Dream's hand, stopping himself from taking it to hold like he'd done nearly every day for three weeks.

"Can't believe I almost missed your birthday," Dream joked.

"But you haven't," George said cheerfully, reaching for the box on the nightstand. He opened it, revealing a small cake.

"Is that-" Dream asked with a grin.

"Well no, it's not from the corner store. I keep my promises, I don't go to the market without you," George said teasingly.

"Right," Dream drawled. "It wasn't the attempted assassination or anything." He added sarcastically.

"No, of course not," George continued just as sarcastically. The two chuckled. "But it is a honey pecan cake. For my birthday. Share with me." George said as he split the cake into two halves.

"I don't know if Phil would like that my first solid food in over about three weeks is going to be a sugary cake," Dream said, but held his hand out so George could place the cake on his palm.

"I'm sure he'll understand," George said.

"Don't forget to make a wish," Dream reminded him.

"I did, I did," George assured him.

I wish that you will always with me. Every birthday. Every year. Every second of every day.

"Happy Birthday, my King," Dream said.

"Georgie," George corrected before taking a bite into his cake.

"Happy Birthday, Georgie."

Bonus scene

"Also, where are we?" Dream asked. "I don't recognize this room at all."

"South Wing," George replied as he bit into his cake.

"I don't think I've ever been to the South Wing," Dream made a face and George looked at him incredulously.

"You've been in the palace for 3 years, how have you never been in the South Wing?" George asked.

"When have I ever needed to go to the South Wing?" Dream quipped back. "It's just a bunch of old vases and pictures of your ugly family."

"Shut up and eat your cake Dream." George rolled his eyes.

End Notes

Twitter: @noimnotJJ

Spoiler for my other story Try

This doesn't make sense, I know.

Like- near-death injuries, a coup, three weeks of moping in front of your palace staff, and true love's kiss gets you noWHERE, but Dream getting jealous of random SUITORS is what gets you a kiss and a love confession.

okay

seems legit

I guess that's what you get for writing your stories baCKWARDS.

Also that I made it seem in Try that the palace staff was kinDa surprised at the revelation even though this story makes it seem like everyone knows (Because of coUrse evEryone knows George you're not subtle)

Anyway. that's all I guess.

Thanks to all the people that have commented, I really wasn't planning on expanding the universe but the comments made me think and now I have more plans for other random one-shots.

Maybe with other characters and relationships. I'm thinking Karlnap and the Techno/Dream team-up.

Let me know what you guys think, I love reading comments,

And I guess subscribe to the series for updates.

Thank you!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!